whitlow—and had to carry my arm in a sling. It grew worse every night, and I felt so sick and faint from pain that I played most of my scenes sitting in a chair. One night Dr. Stoker, Brara Stoker's brother, came round between the scenes, and, after looking at my thumb, said :

" Oh, that'll be all right. I'll cut it for you."

He lanced it then and there, and I went on with my part for *that* night. George Stoker, who was just going off to Ireland, could not see the job through, but the next day I was in for the worst illness I ever had in my life. It was blood-poisoning, and the doctors were in doubt for a little as to whether they would not have to amputate my arm. They said that if George Stoker had not lanced the thumb that minute, I *shoidd* have lost niy arm.

A disagreeable incident in connection with my illness was that a member of my profession made it the occasion of an unMnd allusion (in a speech at the Social Science Congress) to " actresses who feign illness and have straw laid down before their houses, while behind the drawn blinds they are having riotous supper-parties, dancing the can-can and drinking champagne." Upon being asked for " name," the speaker would neither assert nor deny that it was Ellen Terry (whose poor arm at the time was as big as her waist, and *that* has never been very small!} that she meant.

I think we first heard of the affair on our second voyage to America, during which I was still so iH that they thought I might never see Quebec, and Henry wrote a

letter to the press—a " scorcher." He showed it to me on the boat. When I had read it, I tore it up and threw the bits into the sea.

"It hasn't injured me in any way," I said. "Any answer "woiikl be undignified."

Henry did what I wished in the matter, but, unlike me,